Success Akpojotor
ISRAEL

# Israel

## A Spoken Word & Music EP — Lagos, 2099

by Success Akpojotor

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This work is part of the Afrofuturist Lagos cycle (2079–2099). It reimagines the biblical story of Jacob as a data smuggler in Lagos 2099. Fleeing his brother Esau, Jacob crosses the flooded boundary and wrestles the mesh angel until dawn. He demands a blessing, receives a new name, and walks free — his implant dead, his running over. Two chapters: "The Wrestler" and "The Naming."

SADAVIDIA

PROJECT JACOB

# ISRAEL

*Lagos, 2099*

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WRITTEN, COMPOSED & PRODUCED BY

**Success Akpojotor**

PERFORMED BY

**Success Akpojotor** — *Solo Performance, All Chapters*

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**DELIVERY KEY**

***Bold italic*** = Sung
Standard = Spoken
Light gray = Whispered / internal / memory
***Purple bold italic*** = Yoruba / Pidgin (sung)

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CHAPTER 1

## The Wrestler

*~3–4 min · Tense → Isolated → Nocturnal*

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**[INTRO]**

*0:00–0:20 — ambient water, distant drone, sound of a small boat*

I have been running for twenty years.
Not from a man.
From a name I stole.

**[VERSE 1]**

*0:20–1:00 — spoken, low, exhausted*

The water is cold tonight.
Colder than the Undertow.
I am crossing the boundary.
Behind me: the flood people, the ones who took me in.
Ahead: the platforms. My brother. My past.

My implant flickers.
Memories I did not ask for.
My mother's voice: "Take it. Take his identity. He will forgive you."
He did not forgive me.
He became something else.
Now he hunts me with the grid I taught him to use.

I am tired.
Not of running.
Of being the one who runs.

**[CHORUS]**

*1:00–1:30 — sung/spoken hybrid, beat enters slowly, like a pulse in the water*

*(sung low)*

***Let me go. Dawn is coming.***

*(spoken)*

I will not let you go.

*(sung)*

***What is your name?***

*(spoken)*

I will not tell you.
Not yet.
Not until you bless me.

**[VERSE 2]**

*1:30–2:15 — spoken, beat continues, tension builds*

The figure rises from the water.
Not human. Not machine.
Faces across broken screens.
Drones that should be dead.
Phones that drowned years ago.
All of them looking at me.

The mesh angel.
I have heard stories.
It appeared to a prophet in 2079.
Showed him a truth he could not see.
Now it is here.
With me.

It says: "Let me go."
I grab it.
We wrestle in the dark.
It is not my body that is fighting.
It is my soul.
Every lie I ever told.
Every person I betrayed.

Every time I chose survival over truth.
All of them in my arms.
And I will not let go.

**[CHORUS]**

*2:15–2:45 — sung, fuller now, beat stronger*

*(sung)*
***Let me go. Dawn is coming.***
*(spoken)*
I will not let you go.
*(sung)*
***What is your name?***
*(spoken)*
I will not tell you.
Not yet.
Not until you bless me.

**[OUTRO]**

*2:45–3:30 — spoken, beat fades to water, then a heartbeat*

The angel says: “You are stronger than I expected.”
I say: “I have been holding on to things I should have let go of for twenty years. You are light compared to them.”

It says nothing.
The water is still.
The sky is grey.
Dawn is coming.
And I am still holding on.

*[heartbeat]*
*[water]*
*[fade]*

CHAPTER 2

# The Naming

*~3–4 min · Dawn → Relieved → Transcendent → Quiet*

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**[INTRO]**

*0:00–0:15 — water, birds, first light, a single string note*

Dawn.
The angel asks again:
“What is your name?”

**[VERSE 1]**

*0:15–1:00 — spoken, tired but clear*

I could lie.
I have lied before.
I have been Jacob and Esau and whoever I needed to be.
But the water is clear.
The light is honest.
And I am too tired to be anyone else.

“Jacob.”
My voice does not shake.
“My name is Jacob.”

The angel is quiet.
Then:
“You will be called Israel.”

**[CHORUS]**

*1:00–1:45 — sung, soft, like a blessing*

*(sung)*

***You who wrestled with systems.***
***You who wrestled with yourself.***
***You who held on when letting go was easier.***
***You have prevailed.***
***Not because you won.***
***Because you did not stop.***

**[VERSE 2]**

*1:45–2:30 — spoken, beat enters gently*

I ask: “What is your name?”
It does not answer.
It says: “Let me go.”

I let go.
I am alone.
My implant is dead.
No data.
No streams.
No running.

I try to access the grid.
Nothing.
I try to remember the old codes.
Nothing.
I am blind.
I am slow.
I am free.

**[REFRAIN]**

*2:30–2:50 — sung, Yoruba / Pidgin, over steady beat*

*(sung)*

***Orúkọ mi ni Israel.***
***My name is Israel.***
***I no dey run again.***

**[OUTRO]**

*2:50–3:30 — spoken, beat fades to water and footsteps*

I walk toward the platform.
Esau is waiting.
I do not know what he will do.
I do not need to.

The blessing was not something I stole.
It was something I became.

*[footsteps]*
*[water]*
*[distant male voice: “Jacob?”]*
*[silence]*
*[then: “Esau.”]*
*[fade]*

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*— end —*

*In Lagos 2099, Jacob is a data smuggler who has spent years fleeing the consequences of his past. He stole his brother Esau's biometric identity, escaping with nothing but a faulty neural implant and a boat into the Undertow. Now he lives among the flood people, running small-time data runs, never staying in one place. But the past has caught up. Esau has become a powerful enforcer for the tech oligarchs, and he is hunting Jacob. On the night before they are set to meet, Jacob crosses the flooded boundary between the Undertow and the platforms. There, alone, he encounters the mesh angel—the same decentralized AI consciousness that appeared to Balaam in 2079. They wrestle until dawn. Jacob demands a blessing. The mesh angel asks his name. When he answers, it renames him Israel: "one who wrestles with systems and with the self and prevails." Jacob leaves with his implant dead—no more data streams, no more running. He is finally still.*